LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

VOLUME I. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1806. NUMBER 2.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CHARACTER OF

GEORGE FAULKNER,

The celebrated Irish Printer.

[*From Cumberland's Memoirs of his own Life.*]

I HAD more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities, jumbled together from all ranks, orders, and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentric being to those who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimicry of Foote, who, in his portraits of Faulkner, found the only fitter whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and, like Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare, which Johnson said 'defied criticism,' so did George, in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery, defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked; at the same time that he was preeminently the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry; nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was fore-armed; and as there was in his calculation but one supereminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and fixed or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance. I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations, with one solitary strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery. It was a singular circumstance that there was a person in company who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him; but this did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth; and George, adverting to an original portrait of Dean Swift which hung in his room, told us abundance of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the dean and himself, with minute precision and importence, irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady, Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightful ugly, whilst he swore she was the divinest object in the creation. In the mean time he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gallantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband; whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher. I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George prosecuted Foote for libelling him on the stage of Dublin; his counsel, the prime serjeant, compared him to Socrates, and his libeller to Aristophanes, and this I believe was all that George got by his course of law; but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman; I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought that he was rather marred than mended by his dignity, George was grave and sentimental; and sentiment and gravity sate as ill upon George as a gown and a square cap would upon a monkey.

JOHN ANDRE,

A MAJOR in the British army, of amiable manners, and enterprizing spirit; who, animated warmly for the public service, rashly submitted to the expedient of an illicit intrigue with Arnold, a general officer in the American army, during the campaign of seventeen hundred and eighty, and being detected, suffered death in the prime of life, after the most powerful intercessions, and repeated threats of retaliation, which were found ineffectual to bend the stubborn sense of duty, paramount to all other considerations, in the breast of General Washington.

But, however we may lament the untimely death of a good young man, a dutiful son, and an affectionate brother, whose active zeal was his only crime, we are bound by the severe decrees of impartial justice, to consider the punishment he suffered, as strictly conformable to the laws of war. With clandestine views, and in a secret manner, he had introduced himself within the lines of the enemy; disguised in his dress, and assuming a feigned name, he was taken in the very act of conveying intelligence; he declared, himself, that it was impossible to suppose that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag; he was, of course, in every sense of the word, a spy, and with all his valuable qualities, certainly merited death.

Had another agent in this disgraceful and unfortunate intercourse, been seized, and sacrificed to public justice, few Americans, and I believe but one Englishman, would have deplored his fate; could the rigid maxims of military discipline, have been somewhat relaxed, or the harsh mode of putting the unhappy young man to death, have been altered, or softened in some of its odious formalities, which in his last hours, mortified him more severely than the loss of life, the cause of liberty could not possibly have been injured, and such conduct would have done credit to the finer feelings of the transatlantic generals, in which, by the voice of party malevolence, or of truth, they are accused of having been grosly deficient.

Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt, was aptly quoted by the American chief, whose merits will bear a comparison without injury, among the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

I have seen a letter written by Major Andre, when a young man, and in a counting-house, his original destination being commercial; from this he was probably tempted by a fascinating splendor attached to the military profession; a prevailing tendency, which often is fostered by the erroneous conduct of mankind, "who bestow a more liberal applause on their destroyers, than on their benefactors." "Instead of a merchant," says the Major, in his letter, "in snuff-colored cloaths, and a bob-wig, counting money, I sometimes, in a reverie, fancy myself a Marlborough, mounted on my charger, and fiercely brandishing a truncheon. I see national thanks, sumptuous palaces, titles and honors showered down upon me, while painters, fidlers, and poets, join to celebrate my name; the porter suddenly opens the door, I start from my trance, and discover myself plain John Andre, by the small coal fire of a gloomy counting-house, in a narrow obscure court, near the heart of the city."

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Dr. Franklin.

When people, who had got together a little money in trade, used to be capriciously wishing to live in the country (without having a single quality or habit to fit them for agriculture, its pursuit, or enjoyments,) he would drily ask, "What do you think of the country for?" The answer usually was, "O because I am *tired* of the town."—"And for this reason," replied he, "you want to *re-tire* in the country."

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The Same.

When he heard people say "they were tired of a thing," merely through a want of proper perseverance, he used to reply, "Well, do as married people do; *tire* and *begin again*."

HISTORY OF HAMLET.

HAMLET was a prince celebrated in the annals of Denmark, whose name has been rendered familiar in this country, and his story interesting, by being the subject of one of the noblest tragedies of our immortal Shakespeare. Adjoining to a royal palace which stands about half a mile from that of Cronbourg, in Elsineur, is a garden, which is called Hamlet's Garden, and is said by tradition to be the very spot where the murder of his father was perpetrated. The house is of modern date, and is situated at the foot of a ridge near the sea. The garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above another. Elsineur is the scene of Shakespeare's Hamlet; and the original history from which our poet derived the principal incidents of his play is founded upon facts, but so deeply buried in remote antiquity that it is difficult to discriminate truth from fable. Saxo-Grammaticus, who flourished in the 12th century, is the earliest historian of Denmark that relates the adventures of Hamlet. His account is extracted and much altered, by Belleforest, a French author; an English translation of whose romance was published under the title of the Historie of Hamblet; and from this translation Shakespeare formed the ground work of his play, though with many alterations and additions. The following short sketch of Hamlet's history, as recorded in the Danish annals, will enable the reader to compare the original character with that delineated by Shakespeare.

Long before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, Huawendillus, prefect or king of Jutland, was married to Geruthra, or Gertrude, daughter of Ruric, king of Denmark, by whom he had a son called Amletus, or Hamlet. Fengo murders his brother Horwendillus, marries Gertrude, and ascends the throne. Hamlet, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that though he constantly frames the most evasive and absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from the truth. Fengo, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours by various methods to discover the real state of his mind; amongst others, he departs from Elsineur; concerts a meeting between Hamlet and Gertrude, concluding that the former would not conceal his sentiments from his own mother; and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation. The courtier repairs to the queen's apartment, and hides himself under a heap of straw, which in those days was spread on floors as a luxury, as carpets are now. Hamlet, upon entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crow of a cock, and, shaking his arms like wings, jumps upon the heap of straw; till, feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, and instantly dispatches him. He then cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He now avows to his mother that he only personated a fool, reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband; and concludes his remonstrances by saying,

'Inſtead, therefore, of condoling my inſanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind." The queen is ſilent, but is recalled to virtue by theſe admonitions. Fengo returns to Elſineur, ſends Hamlet to England under the care of two courtiers, and requeſts the king by a letter, to put him to death. Hamlet diſcovers and alters the letter; ſo that, upon their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betroths his daughter to Hamlet, who gives many aſtoniſhing proofs of a moſt tranſcendant underſtanding. *(To be concluded.)*

NOVELTY.

RYNSAULT AND SAPPHIRA; OR, *PERFIDY PUNISHED.*

WHEN Charles duke of Burgundy, ſurnamed the Bold, reigned over ſpacious dominions now ſwallowed up in the realms of France, he heaped many favors and honors, upon Claudius Rynſault, a German, who had ſerved him in his wars againſt the inſults of his neighbors. The prince himſelf was a perſon of ſingular humanity and juſtice; and, being prepoſſeſſed in favor of Rynſault, upon the deceaſe of the chief governor of the town of Zealand his highneſs gave him that command. He was not long ſeated on that government before he caſt his eyes on Sapphira, a woman of exquiſite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city, under his protection and government. Rynſault was a man of a warm conſtitution, and violent inclination to women. He knew what it was to enjoy the ſatisfactions which are reaped from the poſſeſſion of beauty; but was an utter ſtranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies, that attend the paſſion towards them in elegant minds. He could with his tongue utter a paſſion with which his heart was wholly untouched. In ſhort, he was one of thoſe brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the leaſt pity, paſſion, or love, for that with which they are ſo much delighted.

Rynſault being determined to accompliſh his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her houſe; but ſhe knew his character and diſpoſition too well not to ſhun all occaſions that might enſnare her into his converſation.—The governor, deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her huſband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correſpondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their poſſeſſion. This deſign had its deſired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, preſented herſelf in the hall of the governor's houſe, and, as he paſſed through the apartment, threw herſelf at his feet, and, holding his knees, beſought his mercy. Rynſault beheld her with a diſſembled ſatisfaction; and, appearing to aſſume an air of thought and authority, bade her riſe, and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his cloſet; and, aſking her whether ſhe knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud: "If you would ſave your huſband, you muſt give me an account of all you know, without prevarication; for every body is ſatisfied that he is too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the reſt of the conſpirators, or any other particulars whatſoever." He went to his cloſet, and ſoon after the lady was ſent for to an audience. The ſervant knew his diſtance when matters of ſtate were to be debated; and the governor, laying aſide the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the ſupplicant, and to rally an affliction which it was in her power wholly to remove. She eaſily perceived his intention; and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a deſign. Luſt, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its ſervice and ſubjection. Her becoming tears, her honeſt anguiſh, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her poſture and figure in the vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his deſire. All humanity was loſt in that one appetite; and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he poſſeſſed her, and nothing elſe ſhould be the price of her huſband's life, and ſhe muſt, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he ſaw Sapphira enough diſtracted to make the ſubject of their diſcourſe to common eyes, appear different from what it was, he called his ſervants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with inſupportable affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her huſband, and, having ſignified to the gaolers that ſhe had a propoſal to make to her huſband from the governor, ſhe was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had paſſed, and repreſented the endleſs conflict ſhe was in between love to his perſon and fidelito his bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp affliction this honeſt pair was in upon ſuch an incident, in lives not uſed to any but common occurrences. The man was bridled by ſhame from ſpeaking what his fear prompted upon ſo near an approach of death; but let fall words that ſignified to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had confeſſed to him, that the governor had violated her perſon, ſince he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permiſſion, to ſave a life he had not reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and, being led into a remote apartment, ſubmitted to his deſires. Rynſault commended her charms; claimed a familiarity after what had paſſed between them; and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bade her return, and take her huſband out of priſon; but, continued he, my fair one muſt not be offended that I have taken care he ſhall not be an interruption to our future aſſignations. Theſe laſt words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the gaol, her huſband executed by order of Rynſault.

It was remarkable, that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentatiens during the whole courſe of her affliction, uttered neither ſigh nor complaint, but ſtood fixed with grief, at this conſummation of her misfortunes. She betook herſelf to her abode; and, after having in ſolitude, paid her devotions to Him, who is the avenger of injured innocence, ſhe repaired privately to court. Her perſon, and a certain grandeur of ſorrow, negligent of forms, gained her paſſage into the preſence of the duke her ſovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into the preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following words: "Behold, O, mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been ſpent in innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redreſs my injuries, but it is to avenge them; and, if the protection of the diſtreſſed, and the puniſhment of oppreſſors, be a taſk worthy of a prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honor to his own great name, and of wiping infamy off mine." When ſhe had ſpoken this, ſhe delivered to the duke a paper reciting her ſtory. He read it with all the emotion that indignation and pity could raiſe in a prince, jealous of his honor in the proſperity of his officers, and the proſperity of his ſubjects.

Upon an appointed day Rynſault was ſent for to court, and, in the preſence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira. The prince aſking, "Do you know that lady?" Rynſault, as ſoon as he could recover from his ſurpriſe, told the duke he would marry her, if his highneſs would pleaſe to think that a reparation. The duke ſeemed contented with this anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate ſolemnization of the ceremony. At the concluſion of it, he told Rynſault, "Thus far have you done, as conſtrained by my authority; and I ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind uſage of her, without you ſign a gift of your whole eſtate to her after your deceaſe." To the performance of this alſo the duke was witneſs. When theſe two acts were executed, the duke, turning to the lady, told her, "It now remains for me to put you in quiet poſſeſſion of what your huſband has ſo bountifully beſtowed upon you," and ordered the immediate execution of Rynſault.

:::::*Britannic Magazine.*:::::

THE SUBTERRANEOUS PALACE;

A BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which ſtretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could underſtand the meaning of this myſterious inſcription. At length, a certain ſubtle Clerk, who came to ſee this famous image, obſerved, as the ſun ſhone againſt it, the ſhadow of the inſcribed finger on the ground at ſome diſtance. He immediately took a ſpade, and began to dig exactly on that ſpot. He came at length to a flight of ſteps, which deſcended far under ground, and led him to a ſtately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he ſaw a king and queen ſitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all clothed in rich garments. But no perſon ſpoke a word. He looked towards one corner, where he ſaw a poliſhed carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the oppoſite corner he perceived the figure of a man ſtanding, having a bended bow, with an arrow in his hand as prepared to ſhoot. On his forehead was written, "I am, who am. Nothing can eſcape my ſtroke, not even yonder carbuncle, which ſhines ſo bright.—The Clerk beheld all with amazement; and entering a chamber, ſaw the moſt beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was ſilence. He then entered a ſtable full of [the moſt excellent horſes: he touched ſome of them, and they were inſtantly turned into ſtone. He next ſurveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with whatever his wiſhes could deſire. He again viſited the hall, and now began to reflect how he ſhould return; "but," ſays he, "my report of all theſe wonders will not be believed, unleſs I carry ſomething with me." He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his boſom. The man, who ſtood in the corner with his bow, immediately ſhot at the carbuncle, which he ſhattered into a thouſand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkneſs, not being able to find his way, he continued in the ſubterraneous palace, and ſoon died a miſerable death.

In the MORALISATION of this fable, the ſteps by which the Clerk deſcends into the earth, are ſuppoſed to be the Paſſions. The Palace ſo richly ſtored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations. The Figure with the bow bent is Death; and the Carbuncle is Human Life. He ſuffers for his avarice, in coveting, and ſeizing what was not his own; and no ſooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriched himſelf with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.—*Univerſal Magazine.*

ANECDOTES.

Generous Magnanimity.—The inhabitants of a great town offered Marſhal de Turenne 100,000 crowns upon condition he would take another road, and not march his troops their way. He anſwered them, "As your town is not on the road I intend to march, I cannot accept the money you offer me."

There are many perſons of weak intellects who place great value on very frivolous accompliſhments. A ſtranger came to Lacedemon, to ſee the city, who had acquired the habit of ſtanding a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly, "he could not preſerve that poſture ſo long." "I know that," replied the Lacedemonian, "But a gooſe can."

The Man Trap.

Foote, who had all qualities of humour about him, and ſometimes would not let truth ſtand in the way of his joke, was one day, after dinner, apologizing to his company for not giving them pine-apples in the deſſert; "but," added he, "that confounded fellow of a next door neighbour of mine comes over the garden-wall at night, and ſteals all my pines."—"What! my lord B——'s brother?"---"Yes; no leſs a man, I aſſure you; and I have got his great-toe in my man-trap at this inſtant." "O, it is impoſſible" ſaid the company; "you are ſurely *humming* us." "Nay, I will convince you of it in a moment."----- Here he called up his gardener; and turning to him with great gravity, aſked him what he had done with the honorable Mr. S——t's great-toe. "The toe, Sir? ſaid the gardener, not being at firſt prepared for the queſtion. "Yes, the toe which you found in my man-trap this morning."---"Oh, yes! the toe," catching the joke: "why to tell you the truth, Sir, it ſtunk ſo horridly, that I threw it out about an hour ago." "You ſhould not have done that," ſaid one of the company, taking the ſtory as a fact; "you ſhould have kept it to expoſe him." "No, no," ſaid the wit, "'tis better as it is; conſider how the keeping of ſuch a *toe* muſt have diſgraced a *Foot*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON:——*DECEMBER* 11——1806.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THAT public opinion ſhould be treated with the utmoſt defference, is ſtrenuouſly and with reaſon maintained by moſt perſons. Some few indeed, either exceſſively conceited and ignorant, or proudly conſcious of talents which muſt command ſupport, have appeared to be indifferent as to the fate of their productions, or rather to be confident of ſucceſs.—Yet it is generally allowed, that modeſty becomes every candidate for patronage however deſerving he may be. A demand would excite diſguſt and indignation, where reſpect might ſecure favor and aſſiſtance. 'Tis true, that we frequently excuſe excentricities in authors whoſe powers to pleaſe we have proved; yet we ſeldom pardon impudence or diſreſpect even in a favorite, never in a ſtranger.

IMPRESSED with theſe ſentiments, which we believe to be correct, we would now reſpectfuly ſolicit the patronage of the FAIR part of a liberal community, confident that if we obtain their approbation, we receive the approbation of all. The VISITOR at preſent feels embarraſſed on finding himſelf in a circle of ladies, whoſe taſte is ſo refined, whoſe judgment is ſo correct; fearing that his appearance is far from being engaging, he does not yet converſe with eaſe. But indulgence may make him a pleaſing, if not an agreeable acquaintance.

THE LADIES' VISITOR within the paſt week has not met with that reception, nor received that ſupport which we flattered ourſelves would be the reſult of a promiſcuous diſtribution of the firſt number. Yet the Editor is determined to perſevere in this, as he believes laudable undertaking, and even ſtruggle for exiſtence. Inſtead of being diſheartened at the failure of ſucceſs in the firſt inſtance, he iſſues the ſecond number with equal confidence, and entertains the ſame reaſonable hopes of liberal patronage. It would be cowardly, and even diſgraceful in us, to deſert the number, though ſmall, who have, through private friendſhip for the Editor, attached their names to his Subſcription Liſt, becauſe the preſent appearance is unfavorable to its ſucceſs.

WE are conſcious of many faults incident to the firſt number, for which we have, and now again apologize, notwithſtanding they are done away in the preſent.

THERE is now no paper publiſhed in the town particularly adapted to the amuſement of the Female Sex; and, conſidering the number of Ladies which the metropolis of Boſton contains, it would be derogatory to their general character, to ſuppoſe that *one* could not ſucceed.

RECTITUDE of intention, though it does not always meet with its merited ſucceſs, ever commands the eſteem of the candid and juſt; and we are induced to believe, the LADIES, in whoſe character the above traits have always been conſpicuous, will rather gratify the hope excited in the breaſt of the Editor, by a liberal Subſcription, than by a contrary conduct deſtroy that hope, and by ſo doing, doom their little friend, (THE VISITOR) to everlaſting oblivion.

☞ SHOULD we continue the publication of this Paper, we contemplate re-printing the firſt number in the courſe of the year, on paper of *this quality*, that when the volumes are bound, their appearance may be uniform—with which we intend to furniſh the volumes of our Subſcribers gratis.

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS in future received by the Carriers, at this office, and at the various Book-ſtores.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Friend who favored us with a number of Poetical Selections, will receive our thanks—all of them ſhall receive attention.

"A FEMALE" is received—her communication, we preſume, was not intended for publication.

IN our next we ſhall preſent the public with the firſt number of a a ſeries of original papers.

SCHOOL OF REFORM.

THE *School of Reform*, is one of thoſe kind of theatrical amuſements, which, while the comic part cauſes laughter to "hold both her ſides," excites in the ſympathizing breaſt, feelings which can in no manner be done away, but by the ſhedding of the tears of ſenſibility. The misfortunes of the unhappy *Emely*, ſo ably delineated by Mrs. SHAW; the virtuous *Frederick*, who could "ſuffer but not ſin," ſo ſtrongly depicted by Mr. USHER; the fluttering, unſtable genius *Ferment*, ſo well performed by Mr. FOX; together with the humor of BERNARD'S *Tyke*, which, while it breeds pleaſure and ſatisfaction excites intereſt; alternately keep the breaſt in agitation between riſability and ſympathy; and the degree of myſtery which runs through the whole play, keeps the mind of the audience in continual ſuſpenſe. Mr. CAULFIELD, in the part of Lord *Avondale*, though he cannot claim the tribute of extraordinary praiſe, as we conceive the part not exactly calculated for him, yet his performance was reſpectable and manly. We have often been pleaſed with the performance of Mr. Fox, and as a general actor he ranks above mediocrity, but we think *Ferment* one of his happieſt efforts; and if we are not very much miſtaken, many of the audience beheld a family picture well drawn and ably ſupported by him and Mrs. POWELL. This lady has long and juſtly been the pride of the Boſton boards. Her powers are ſo verſatile, & her conception ſo accurate, that of the many and various characters which ſhe has ſuſtained, no room has been left for criticiſm, and whoever pretends to nibble at her fair fame, juſtly loſes his reputation as a judge in public eſtimation. We have before ſpoken of BERNARD, but to do him juſtice we muſt ſay, the author and the actor are alike indebted to each other.

BOSTON THEATRE.

To-morrow Evening will be preſented, for the fourth time, a favorite comedy in 5 acts, called the

School of Reform,

Or, How to Rule a Huſband.——*Characters as before.*

To which will be added, for the firſt time this ſeaſon, the favorite afterpiece, called the

Jew and Doctor,

Or, a Preſcription for Happineſs.

Dr. Specific, Mr. *Uſher.*----Abednego, Mr. *Bernard.*

A letter from Mr. Cooper, manager of the New-York Theatre, ſays, "I have only time to inform you of the brilliant ſucceſs of our friend Morſe in his firſt appearance in *Pierre*. He has only to go on with the ſame ſpirit of perſeverance with which he has commenced, and fortune and fame muſt eventually reward him." Mr. Morſe is a native of this State.

Centinel.

MARRIAGES.

In Manchester, Mr. Wm. Savage, of Boſton, to Miſs Mary Ingerſol.---In Salem, Capt. George Pierce, to Miſs B. Webb.--In Providence, Mr. Eleazer B. Billings, merchant, to Miſs Elizabeth Sterry.--Mr. Richard Saliſbury, to Miſs Lydia Thurber.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Rogers, to Miſs Nancy Perkins.

DEATHS.

In Clinton, Up. Can. Rev. Samuel Covell, of Cheſhire, Maſs.; while on a miſſionary tour among the Indians.----In Picton, Thomas Chandler, Eſq. of Weſtmoreland.---In Colcheſter, Con. Ebenezer Lathrope, Eſq. aged 74; brother to the Rev. Dr. Lathrope of Boſton:—Thirty minutes antecedent to his diſſolution he was buſy about his uſual employments and manifeſted no ſigns of indiſpoſition; he entered his houſe, ſat down in his chair, complained of a nauſea, and in a few minutes fell, & expired.--In Charleſtown, Widow Elizabeth Thorp, aged 53.---In Salem Mr. Henry Jackſon, Æt. 33. He was an honeſt man, and poſſeſſed the beſt ſocial and benevolent feelings. In Rowley, in child bed, Mrs. Hannah, comfort of Mr. Iſaac Kilborn, aged 24.---Two living infants are preſerved to mitigate a huſband's grief, for the deprivation of a tender wife.---In Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah Coffin, relict of the late Capt. Mark Coffin.

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Torpey, aged 37. Jane Howard, aged 37, youngeſt daughter of Joſhua Howard.

New Printing Office.

EBEN. FRENCH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has opened at No. 6, *Court Street*, an entire *NEW PRINTING OFFICE*—and having recently purchaſed a new ſo *ORNAMENTAL TYPE*, he pledges himſelf to perform all kinds of Lerter Preſs

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Dec. 11, 1806.

POETRY.

THE KISS.

SWEETEST pledge of pure affection,
Dearest source of purest bliss;
Tenderest seal of true connection,
Love's first token—balmy Kiss!

Infant's claim, of parent's treasure,
Strongest tie of kindred bliss;
Fairest giver of sweet pleasure,
Thrilling joy—delicious Kiss!

Pathetic parting's last adieu,
Sweet return's first melting bliss;
Mild fancy's theme—unknown to view,
Only felt—ecstatic Kiss!

Dear atonement of displeasure,
After pain, succeeding bliss;
Giving joy, a double measure,
For one pang—transporting Kiss!

But short and trifling is thy pain,
Compar'd to thy exquisite bliss;
Whole days of woe—for *thee* to gain,
Would be but joy—endearing Kiss!

Yet one *essential* I should name,
Without it there can be *no bliss*;
Fair INNOCENCE thy sweets must claim,
To make thee precious—virgin Kiss!

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

DARWIN.

CONNUBIAL FAIR! whom no fond transport warms,
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, blest'd in vain with timid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny,
To the sweet pouting lip, and glist'ning eye!—
Ah! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The eider bolster, of embroider'd woof,
Oft hears the gilded couch unpity'd plaints
And many a tear the tassel'd curtain stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft, no pillow, as his mother's breast!—

For when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
Clasps her fair nurseling in delighted arms;
Throws the thin 'kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below;
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces, and endearing tones,
Sucks the salubrious fount with opening lips,
Spreads his enquiring hands, and smiles, and sips.
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The cherub, Innocence, with smile divine,
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine.

TO A—— R——.

By a Lady who had been requested to paint his likeness.

YOUR manly face I strove to hit,
My art, your graces foil'd;
Short of success, yet loth to quit—
My hand renew'd the toil.

Love's laughing God my sketches spy'd,
And with *his* sharpest dart;
My inexpressive skill supply'd,
And *grav'd* THEE on my *heart*.

TO THE MYRTLE.

ROBINSON.

UNFADING branch of verdant hue,
In modest sweetness dress't;
Shake off thy pearly tears of dew,
And decorate my breast.

Dear emblem of the feeling mind,
Truth's consecrated tree;
Still shall thy trembling blossoms find,
A partial friend in me.

Nor chilling breeze nor drizzling rain,
Thy glossy leaves can spoil;
Their sober beauties fresh remain
In every varying soil.

If e'er this aching heart of mine,
A wandering thought should prove;
O let thy branches round it twine,
And bind it fast to love.

For, ah! the little fluttering thing,
Amidst life's tempest rude,
Has felt afflictions sharpest sting,
Yet triumphs unsubdu'd.

Like thee it braves the wintry wind,
And mocks the storm's fierce pow'r;
Tho' from its hopes the blast unkind
Had torn each promis'd flow'r

Tho' round its fibres, barb'rous fate,
Has twin'd an icy spell,
Still in central fires elate,
The purest passions dwell.

When life's disast'rous scene is fled,
This humble boon I crave;
Oh! bind your branches round my head,
And blossom on my grave!

HUMOROUS.

ANECDOTES, &c.

Collected from Foote's Life, Recently published in London.

Betterton.

Archbishop Sancroft once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary*, as if they were *real*; while we in the church speak of things *real*, which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary*?"—"Why, really, my Lord," said Betterton, "I don't know; except it is, that we actors, speast of things imaginary *as if* they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real, *as if* they were imaginary."

—

Dr. Monsey.

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor's neighbourhood, a *petit maitre* lord of his acquaintance sent him a very formal letter, interdicting all visits to the family during this *influenza*—a correspondence by letter his lordship barely admitted, but even this letter was to pass quarantine for a night and a day. If the Doctor passed him in riding out, the glasses of his lordship's coach were closely drawn up; and a mere waving of the hands was the only personal civility that passed between these *intimate* friends for seven months.

One day, meeting the Doctor on the road suddenly, the peer exclaimed, "My dear Monsey, to tell you the truth, we are *afraid* of you just at this time, you come from so many *sick* rooms." "And you, my lord," cried Monsey, "produce the very *reverse* effect upon me; as, when I see you, you make me *sick*, but never *afraid*." —

The Same.

Sir Robert Walpole used to spend much of his leisure hours with Monsey, who was his neighbour at Chelsea, and whom he used to call his merry Norfolk Doctor.

The Minister was fond of billiards; but at this game the Doctor very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in one of his social hours, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but you, Doctor?" "Because," said Monsey, "they get *places*; I get only a dinner and praise."

—

The Same.

"So, you are one of the venal electors of ——," said Monsey to a man whom he knew to have been bribed at an election. "I never had that disorder *in my life*," said the man, mistaking the word *venal* for one of a similar sound.—"Then you had a worse *in your hand* to my knowledge."

—

Mrs. Yates.

On Mrs. Yates rehearsing one morning at Drury-lane theatre a new part of a tragic princess, where at her death a *flourish of trumpets* was necessary, Hopkins, the prompter, doubtful whether it was proper to go through the whole ceremony at that time, walked up softly to her as she lay seemingly dead upon the stage, and whispered, "Madam! Madam!" "Well, what does the man want?" "Only, madam to know whether you will have the *flourish* now, or *wait for it till night*."

—

Dr. Johnson.

Soon after Garrick's purchase at Hampton-court, he was showing Dr. Johnson the grounds, the house, Shakespeare's temple, &c. and concluded by asking him, "Well, Doctor; how do you like all this?"—Why, it is pleasant enough," growled the Doctor, "for the present; but all these things, David, make death very terrible."

—

Taswell.

On Garrick's reprimanding him one morning for coming late to rehearsal, he made many awkward apologies about not knowing the time, &c. "Why, have you no watch?" asked Garrick. "No," growled Taswell. "What has become of it?" "It is at the pawnbroker's." And how do you contrive to rise, and go about your business?" "By the cries of the town," said Taswell: "I rise with the old clothes man, dine with dog's meat and cat's meat, ho! get to the play-house by the milk-man, and go to bed by the tune of Hippesly's Drunken Man;" all of which he mimicked in such a whimsical manner, as soon made his best apology with the manager.

—

The Same.

Having once a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, he concluded his remarks upon her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*, and know the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one, and the *flower* of the other."

—

Havard.

Havard the actor (better known, from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Havard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him.—"No, no," said her husband; "that will not do, my dear: Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great *complaint lies in his rib*." —

Duchess of Queensberry.

Horace Walpole dining with the duchess on her birth-day (when she had just finished her eightieth year,) soon after the cloth was removed, he very politely drank her health in a bumper, and added—"May you live, my lady Duchess, till you begin to grow ugly!"—"I thank you, Mr. Walpole," replied her grace; "and may you long continue your *taste for antiquities!*"

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